

LIFE

15 Cents

December 28 1928

NEW YEARS
ONE NINE
TWO NINE!



"The Number Has Been Changed"



**MODEL
K20**
\$135.00

COMMANDER BYRD
selected Kolster Radio and
Kolster Radio Compasses
exclusively for his South
Pole expedition. *What
finer tribute could be given
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KOLSTER RADIO



*Enjoy the Kolster Program every Wednesday
evening at 10 P. M. Eastern Standard
Time over the nation-wide Columbia Chain.*

Pipe-Loving Sailor Makes Known His Discovery

Finds his "beloved" tobacco
on sale in far-off Argentine

They used to say that a sailor had a girl in every port—and if he didn't have, he looked for one.

Here's a seafaring man who looks for Edgeworth Tobacco in the far corners of the globe, and is disappointed if he doesn't find it.

Buenos Aires, Argentine,
Calle Azopardo 816,
Jan. 4, 1928

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.
Gentlemen:

I'm a seafarer, and as such of course travel quite a lot. Right now I am in the Argentine, and am glad to say that I can here purchase your beloved Edgeworth Tobacco, of which I'm so very fond.

It is indeed a pity that one can't find this good smoke in every place of the seven seas. While recently in Germany, my home-country, I tried in vain to come upon one of these little blue tins. I'm not saying too much in mentioning that I would outwalk that famous mile, hunting up dear Edgeworth. I dare say there is no other tobacco like it, and am convinced that Edgeworth cannot be improved.

Let me know when you contemplate ceasing to make Edgeworth so that I may lay in a goodly store to last till I'm seventy.

May Edgeworth never change!

I'll always remain

Sincerely yours,

Willie Schmekies



Let us send you some free pipe-loads of Edgeworth, the tobacco which has made men look for it throughout the world. Try Edgeworth in your pipe and see if you don't like it enough to want to buy more.

Put your name and address on a slip of paper with a request for free helpings of Edgeworth samples, and mail it to Larus & Brother

Company, 16 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

If you do like this tobacco, you can be sure you'll keep on liking it, because its quality is *always* the same.

Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are on sale everywhere in small pocket-sized packages, and in various other sizes up to the handsome one-pound humidor.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 Kilocycles.—Special Feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time

The Time-Table Writer Makes His New Year's Resolutions

I WILL cut my cigars down to no more than one a day.*

I will keep out of trouble with motorcycle cops by driving at a speed within the law at all times.#

I will not neglect my business for my golf.@

I will *not* carry bundles.&&

I will get to bed early at least four nights a week.¢

I will pay my bills promptly every month.//

I will not neck.***

*Smoking car up forward.

#Stops on signal only.

@Does not operate Saturdays, Sundays and holidays.

&&Baggage limited to 100 lbs.

¢No sleeping car.

//Express. Subject to change without warning.

***No parlor car.

Bernard Teran.

Male Service

HAIRY-CHESTED He-Men,
Brave and bold and free men,
Stalking hither, thither, to the corners of the earth;

Men of might and vigor,
Six feet tall, or bigger,
Waking booming echoes with their anger or their mirth.

Giant-muscle He-Men,
Mountain Men or Seamen,
Rolling down to Rio or wherever else they roll;

Full of nerve and daring,
Valorously faring
Every trail of danger from the tropics to the pole.

Horny-handed He-Men,
Six-feet-two or -three Men,
Batling with the elements, a-sailing or ashore;

Establishing new borders—
According to the orders
Of some dyspeptic little runt of five-feet-three or -four!

Berton Braley.

IN THE FLEA CIRCUS

In amazement I watched the trained flea do his stunts.

"Did you educate that flea yourself?" I asked the man.

"Yes," he replied proudly, "I raised him from a pup."

"And after he kissed you three times, then what?"

"Well—then he began to get sentimental."

FIRST CO-ED: I don't see you going out with that Anatomy Professor any more.

SECOND CO-ED: No, I've learned my lesson.



Keep that morning SPARKLE

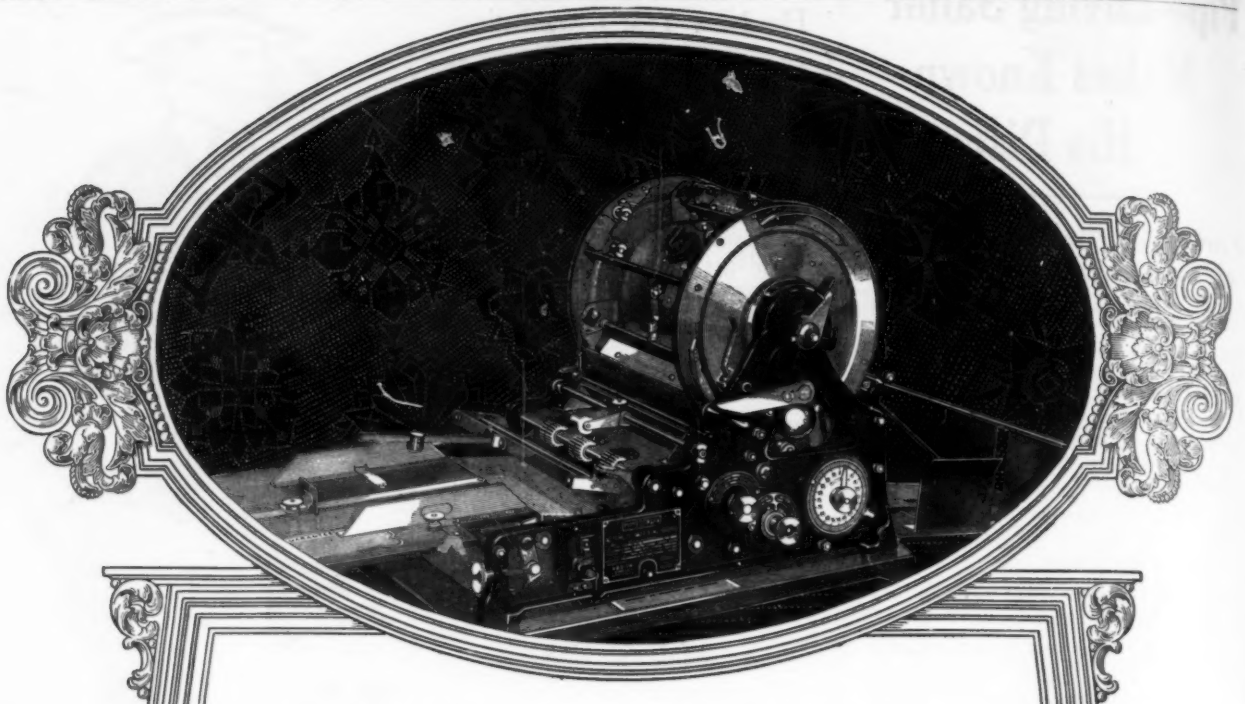
ISN'T it a grand, fine feeling to come from the shower, singing, to stow away a hearty breakfast, and light up for the first smoke? You feel sparkling all over. But—do you keep that morning sparkle? Just about noontime, do you find that smoking, at least, isn't quite as pleasurable?

There's a preventive for a waning smoke appetite—Squibb's Dental Cream. Squibb's puts the sparkle in your mouth and keeps it there. The minute, clinging particles of its Milk of Magnesia swallow up mouth acids at The Danger Line, and keep your mouth brisk and fit, your breath always pleasant.

Use Squibb's in the morning and evening, anyway. At any other time during the day when you can. 40c at any druggist's.

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CRYSTALLIZING AN IDEA

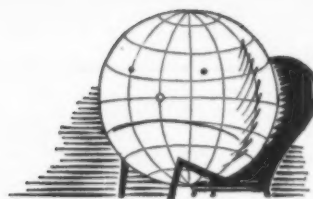
Many a brilliant idea goes to waste because there is not at hand a speedy and inexpensive means of putting it to work. The Mimeograph is a great crystallizer of ideas. It does a big job quickly, simply—and at small cost. The man who has one in his office, factory or schoolroom easily focalizes his inspirations, for he has under his personal supervision the efficient equipment necessary for dispatching to all of his objectives his ideas and convictions. The Mimeograph is capable of turning out, in every hour of the working day, thousands of well printed bulletins, form letters, instruction sheets, questionnaires, charts, maps, plans, etc., easily and at almost negative cost. That is why it is an effective unifier of organization and a crystallizer of ideas. Get particulars today from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—with branches or dealers everywhere.

M I M E O G R A P H





LIFE



IN THE HUDDLE

MARY: Bill made a forward pass this afternoon.
RUTH: I told you that you'd have to watch those college boys, dearie.

WHEN the cat's away the mice will play—but maybe the cat's not having such a punk time either.

ANSWERED

NURSE: What church do you belong to?
PATIENT: None.
NURSE: Well, what church do you go to when you do go?
PATIENT: If you must know, the church which I stay away from most of the time when I don't go is the Baptist.

TOURIST VERSION—"Under the spreading chestnut trees the village hot-dog stands."

RESPONSE TO A YOUNG LADY WHO ASKED FOR AN AUTOGRAPH

I ONLY write my name below
Because you asked me to; and so
When later on my scrawl you see
Don't murmur, "Who in hell was he?"

Arthur Guiterman.

THE Prohibition question remains unchanged. It is still, "What will the boys in the back room have?"

"She's a virtuoso, they tell me."
"Don't let them kid you—I've been out with that baby."

PREACHER'S WIFE: Where in the world did you learn those awful words, son?
PREACHER'S SON: I got them out of Papa's sermon on Al Smith.

A WOMAN'S "NO" MEANS:

PERHAPS...Some day...Never...Impossible...Certainly...I'll think about it...Of course not...I doubt it...Certainly not...Well, if you insist...Yes...Not now...NO.

"GONE Democratic" — Raskob, Du Pont and the 1929 Buick.

THEY laughed at me when I spoke to the waiter in Italian—but he came right back with some Scotch.

THE VOICE THAT FAILED

MOVIE THEATER ELECTRICIAN (running up to manager): Come quick, sir! The Vitatone has gone haywire and I can't find what's wrong.

MANAGER: Well, it's up to you, my boy. You've got to get behind that screen and make a noise like Clara Bow.

"WHAT is the shortest distance between two points?"
"Lindbergh."

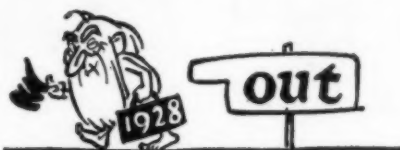
IF POETS TOLD THE TRUTH

POEMS are made by fools like me;
But any nut can make a tree.
Carolyn Wells.

UTTER EXHAUSTION

PATSY: How many times were you kissed last night?

PEGGY: I don't know. I got so tired I could hardly keep my eyes closed.



HAPPY OLD YEAR!

WE publish in this number several of the drawings, cartoons and so forth that have appeared in LIFE during the past twelve months. They provide a fairly comprehensive record of the trend and tendencies of American humor in the year of grace, 1928—to which we bid, herewith, a fond adieu.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!



"IN my house we have a Colonial bed that belonged to my great-great-grandmother."

"I suppose it was one of those beds that Washington slept in."

"Well—mebbe—but you could never get Grandmother to admit that."

It is a year since a woman in Spain gave birth to a child with five arms. Yet the scarcity of first-class shortstops seems about the same.

"THIS liquor tastes like insecticide."
"Yes—it isn't Flit to drink."

OUTCLASSED

THE PREACHER: You must conquer yourself. I conquered myself when I was about your age.
THE BUM: Well, you see, parson, I'm a harder man to lick than you are.

THE EXAMPLE

"WHY were you late to school this morning?"
"We were playing Government, and I was Mayor Walker."

How to get the heavyweight championship: Be sure you're white, then go ahead.

ONE FRESHMAN: Is your room-mate a broad-minded chap?

ANOTHER: Say, that's all he thinks of.

YEARS will pass and millions of dollars will be spent before the great Monument to the Confederacy on Stone Mountain is completed. And within half an hour of its official unveiling, we wager, someone will climb up and pencil a mustache on Robert E. Lee.

PERFECTLY ADAPTED

SHE: You ought to be in the talking movies!
HE: Yeth, yeth, I gueth you're right.

REFEREE (excitedly): Hey, the bell rang for the eleventh round.

BOXER: Aw, hell—let's sit this one out!

"A business meeting was held in which the members decided to give a play in the near future. Later the older girls took off their slips and played ball on the front lawn."—Logan (Ohio) Republican.
WELL, after all, it's the National Game.

THE MASHER

"WHERE ya goin', Joe?"
"Over to th' barber shop to try an' pick up a date."

"I HAD to fire an old employee today. I felt sorry but sentiment ain't got no place in business."

"What is your business, may I ask?"
"Oh, I manufacture all sorts of holiday and greeting cards."

PEEK-A-BOO

JENNY (in department store): Oh, look at the pretty bathing suit.

EVELYN: Where? I don't see it.

JENNY: Oh, right over there behind that price tag.

HE who laughs last reads the *Literary Digest*.

It is reported that a flapper bootlegger in Oregon was carrying moonshine in her bloomers. This ought to give someone a chance to revive that old joke about a kick in the pants!

SWEET SUMMER BOARDER: What kind of a cow is this—a Jersey?

FARMER: No, miss, this is a Holstein.

S. S. B.: I see. And have you any of that new breed—the Acidophilus?

OUTLINE of History: "When do we eat?"



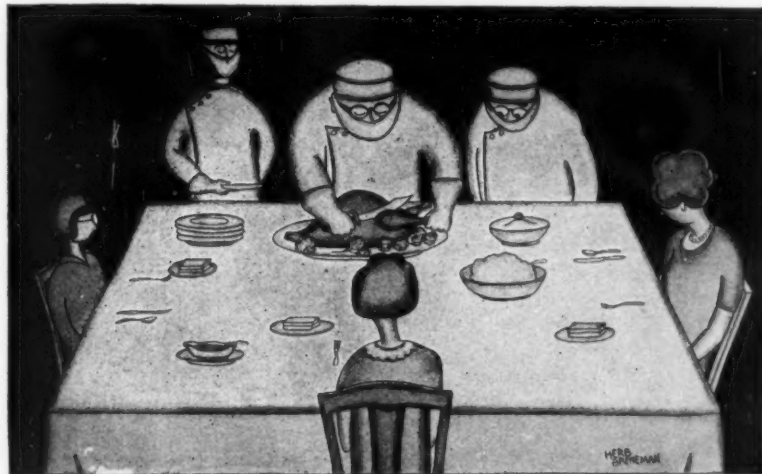
"Say, mister—are you the carriage starter?"
 "I am."
 "All right—give us a push."



"Yes, lady—you remind me of me mother."



THE KIND MOTHER USED TO MAKE



CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE HOME OF A FAMOUS SURGEON



THE BOOK OF THE MONTH



THE HERO: Before you shoot, gentlemen, tell me if I'm correct in guessing that this is an Old Gold.



POLITE FIREMAN: Good evening, madam, so sorry to disturb you—and would you mind leaving the water running in the tub?

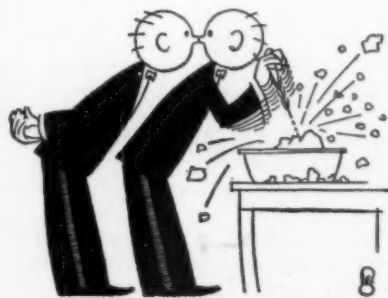


ANCIENT PHILISTINE (after Delilah has finished her work): Well, Samson, I see you've got a hair-cut at last.

SAMSON: Yes—that's my weakness now.



"Button me, big boy."



"Why're you breaking that ice?"

"To have cocktails."

"And why have cocktails?"

"To break the ice."



STORK: Well, there's one less companionate marriage.



SKIPPY'S LETTERS

by
**Percy L.
Crosby**

DEAR SOOKY:
Today I was out all alone skatin on the lake an I felt like a flea on a window-pane. There wasn't nothin to do but scribble on the ice, only when I got through, the curleycues didn't read nothin. It got me to thinkin at the time that I'd like to do homework that way—that is if I was a good skater. The only trouble is that the teacher would have to come out an look it over cause I couldn't bring the lake into school.

Some places where you go over the ice it rumbles like thunder an ya can't tell where. I guess it's because air gets underneath it. Anyway, that's what somebody said, I think. It sorta scares you, but tain't nothin to worry about. It was just too beautiful lookin at the sun set back of the mountains. They were very

dark purple against the gold sky. A large plushy cloud was just over my head, sprayin gold all around its edges. It was all so lovely starin at the mountains rollin an rollin far off that I forgot I left myself standin in the middle of the lake. Right then an there, I figured that if God ever took up water colors—oh, boy! Remember when I used to say nothing could be eleganter than Dusenberry's slippery post-cards? Well, I'm beginnin to change my mind. The pine trees around the edge of the lake were so very dark green that birch trees looked like frozen lightning.

Everything was all so still an quiet that I felt empty inside an terrible sad happy outside. It was like you was lookin at your thoughts turned inside out while the church organ's playin. I never felt so happy before as I went buzzin around the lake. It wasn't the kind of happiness

that you get when your mouth is dribblin with chocolate almonds. It was too different for that. It was like God fitted up a great big playroom for me an I was makin myself at home.

When I got back to the house supper was on the table, an what I didn't do to the beans. Grandpa cornered the sugar bowl when Grandma wasn't lookin—he tilted it an galloped sugar into his coffee. Grandma says, "Tom Skinner, it's just wicked the way you leave the sugar in the bottom of your cup. It's no wonder that our grocery bill last month was nine dollars and fifty cents." Grandpa took off his glasses an then looks into the cup as if he expected to see a pyramid of sugar stickin out of it. "Let me tell you one thing, Ma," he says, "you can't say that about me because this mornin I gave my coffee one hell of a stirring."

It was a good chance for me to sneak out, besides I couldn't see the last hours of the year slippin away without bein spent somehow. So I went up to Jim's. The first thing I saw when I went in was the fifteen-cent necktie I give him for Christmas. There it was in his very showcase, only it was marked a quarter.

So I wished him a Happy New Year an the same to you, Sook.

Affectionately sincere,

Skippy

Melodies of the Months

January

COMES January, snowy month,
A blustery and blowy month,
A month to make (and also break) our noble resolutions,
When dead December's charge accounts
Appear unduly large accounts,
And winter chills and bronchial ills attack our constitutions.

Comes January, stripling month,
A Happy-New-Year-tipping month,
When Santa Claus can pause because he's filled our requisitions,
A gaze-on-tropic-photos month,
A Palm-Beach-in-the-Rotos month,
A month that teems with hopeful dreams and roseate ambitions.

Arthur L. Lippmann.

WIFE: John, I'm writing a paper on calendar reform for our club. Do you know which Pope gave us our present calendar?

HUSBAND: Pope? Good heavens! I thought it came from our grocer.



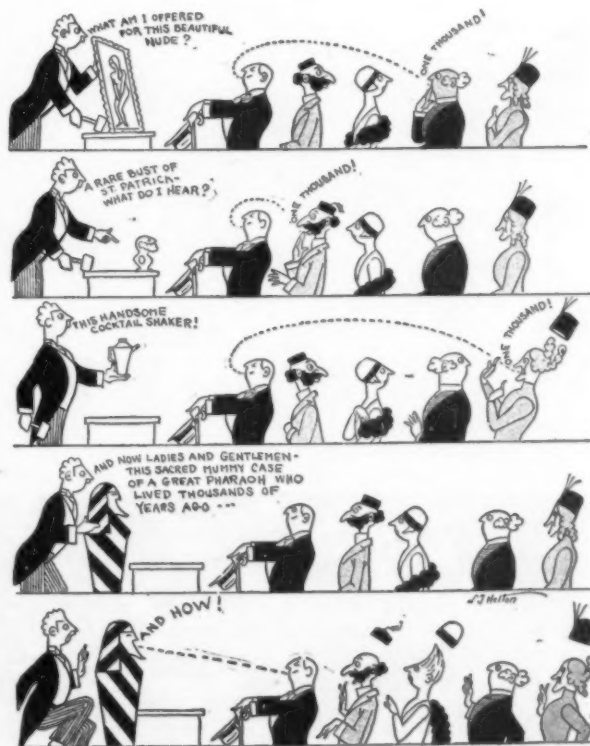
"Seriously, Calvin, hadn't you better begin to be thinking about the future?"



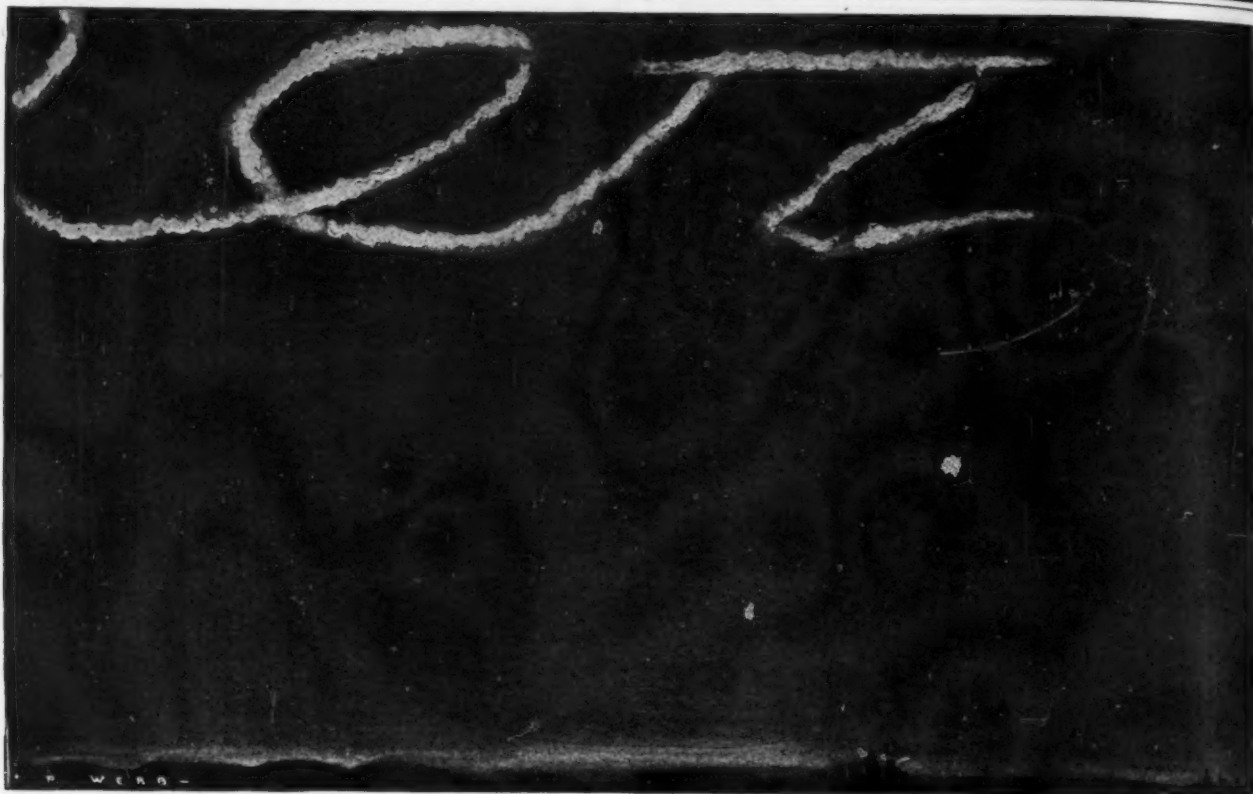
THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL'S CHRISTMAS



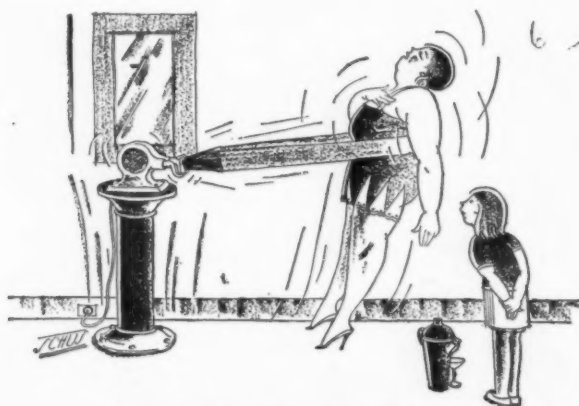
"LEST WE FORGET"



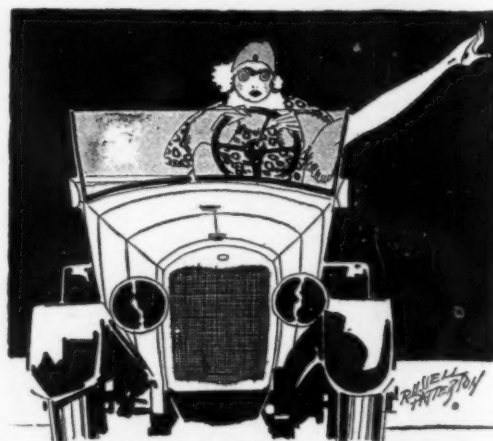
THE VENTRILOQUIST HAS FUN AT AN AUCTION SALE



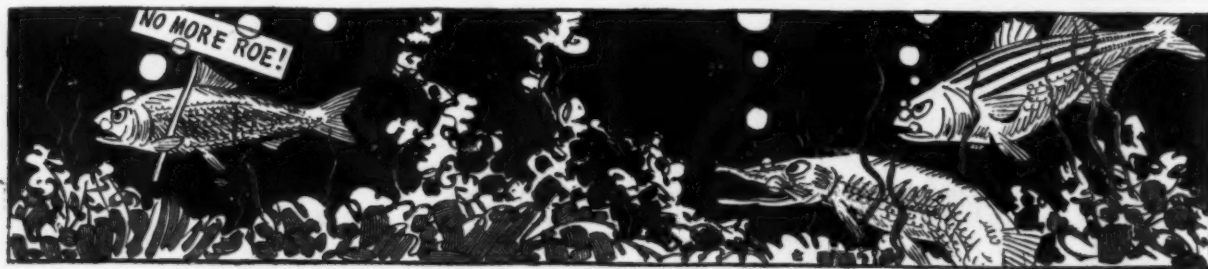
"Damn it, Joe—we'll have to go back to Pittsburgh. I forgot to dot that *i*."



"Dear... give Mother... the cocktail shaker."



THE CHORUS GIRL MAKES A LEFT TURN



MR. PICKEREL: What's the big idea?
MR. BASS: Oh, that's Mrs. Shad, spreading Birth Control propaganda.



THE THEATRE



Less Efficiency, Ladies, Please!

by
Robert
Benchley

WHEN shows open up as they did early this month at the rate of seven a night, we will thank our clients not to complain if it is some time before we get around to all of them. In fact, one cross word and we are likely to burst into tears and flounce up to our room, banging the door behind us. Trying to see twelve shows in six nights and two matinees is bad enough. We simply cannot, and will not, be bullied.

Once again we have to report the complete dominance of the drama by the ladies, this time not so much because they are the leading ladies in their respective plays as because the authors have made them dominating characters in the 'script. In three of the plays under consideration we have an efficient, clear-thinking busybody of a woman who is supposed to be rather fine in her way but who gets more or less on your nerves before the evening is out. Highly efficient ladies are necessary in real life, but they make awfully trying theatrical fare.



PROBABLY the worst of the lot was the character that Clare Eames was called upon to play in "The Sacred Flame." Nurse Wayland was not only efficient and possessed of a malign sense of duty; she was just plain mean into the bargain. Having been in love in her starchy way with the young patient who died, she waved her professional conscience before her in a determined campaign to bring to justice the person she thought responsible for his death. In spite of the fact that he was much better off dead and that no good could come from a scandal, she must get her revenge for her own personal frustration in dragging the thing into the light. The fact that it turned out to be the young man's own mother (beautifully played by Mary Jerrold) who did it rather spoiled her effects, but Nurse Wayland succeeded in being the most irritating character in current drama. And Miss Eames acted the rôle so well and so adamantly that it became almost a case for calling out: "Oh, mind your own business and go home!" We hope that in her next play Miss Eames is a weak sister given to drinking; other-

wise we shall always be a bit afraid of her personally.

In "The Sacred Flame," it should be said, Mr. Maugham wrote a tremendously moving third act.



ANOTHER young lady who is quite offensively clear-headed is Susan Cunningham in "The Perfect Alibi." There is just no such thing as putting anything over on Susan. She ferrets out the killers of Arthur Ludgrove and traps them into submission with all the unpleasant celerity of the little girl who always used to have the answer to algebra problems in your school. It is probably not Vivian Tobin's fault that when the villain says, "The pleasure of shooting you would be considerable," at least this section of the audience knew what he meant. Mr. Milne wrote her that way.

Mr. Milne also wrote a very entertaining first act, in which the audience is allowed to see who really did the killing and is permitted to listen to a most amusing inquest participated in by Leo Carrol and Harry Beresford, Mr. Beresford being the local official who is more than willing to concede that the witness may be in the right. We could have stood a lot more of Mr. Beresford.



IN the second act the two young people try their hand at figuring out the mystery and it is here that we missed Mr. Beresford's inefficiency most. All that Alan Bunce, as the boy, can say to Miss Tobin is: "I say, what a bully mind you've got," as, one by one, she unravels the threads of the tangle. You think, and almost hope, that in the last act Mr. Ling as the suave murderer has got the better of her, but no such luck.

Nevertheless, "The Perfect Alibi" is as entertaining a mystery as there is in town and should duplicate its success in London, where it was known as "The Fourth Wall." There is practically none of Mr. Milne's winnie-the-pooh trouble in it.

Peggy Wood runs the danger of being another lady-manager in "A Play Without

a Name," but Austin Strong, the author, has saved her by making her little plans almost go terribly wrong. She does all that she can in an excellent first act to irritate Kenneth MacKenna, her husband, as we learn by an intimate glimpse into his brain which Mr. Strong has very effectively devised for us, but when, in the last act, she waits her little surprise party for him, it really would have been too bad if he had been much later than seven o'clock. Miss Wood looks too lovely to have her heart broken, even though the play ends rather tepidly without it.

Mr. Strong has, however, passed up a much more poignant situation in order not to break Miss Wood's heart or shatter Mr. MacKenna's self-respect. Had the young husband given in to Miss Katherine Wilson in the second act (a weakness which could easily have been understood), the ending to the play, even at seven o'clock, would have had an ironical bite which it now lacks.

The author's mechanical device for showing the workings of a character's brain is unusual enough to warrant more unusual workings than the fairly obvious thoughts of John Russell. In this, however, Mr. Strong is in the very good company of Eugene O'Neill, who has his characters speak thoughts which any well-read child could have suspected. Of the two methods, we much prefer Mr. Strong's. At least it shows ingenuity.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 28.

ZONE OF SUGGESTION

EXECUTIVE: We'll advertise our headache pills in your paper if you'll guarantee us position.

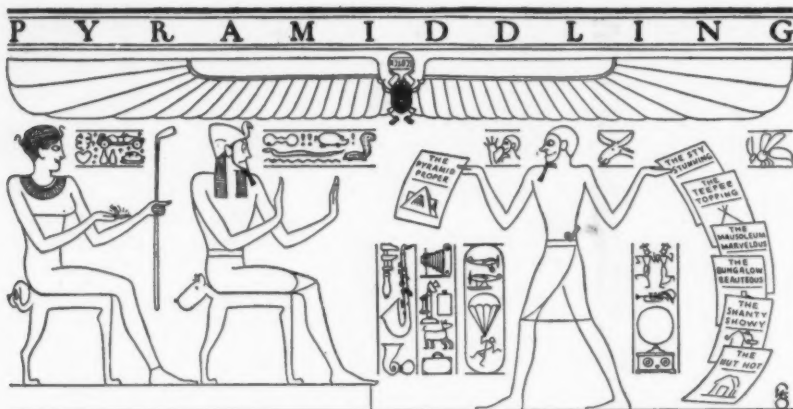
SOLICITOR: What position do you want?

EXECUTIVE: Put our ads on the same page with the items about Dr. Straton.

IN THE HOLLYWOOD HEAVENS

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Polish, Austrian, Swede or Mex.,
Twinkling with imported sex.

THEY'RE going to make a movie version of "My Autobiography," by Benito Mussolini. The theme song of the picture will doubtless be, "That's My Weakness Now."



THE LOW-DOWN ON THE PYRAMID RACKET



"It's no use, Bill, the age of miracles is past."



"My dear, your skirt is positively dragging!"



"You know, Bill, little did I think, when I learned to write, that it would come in handy some day."



FIRST AID

John Davey, the tree surgeon, dresses the Christmas Tree.



"What d'ya think! The doctor give us another kid. Nine pounds for ten dollars."

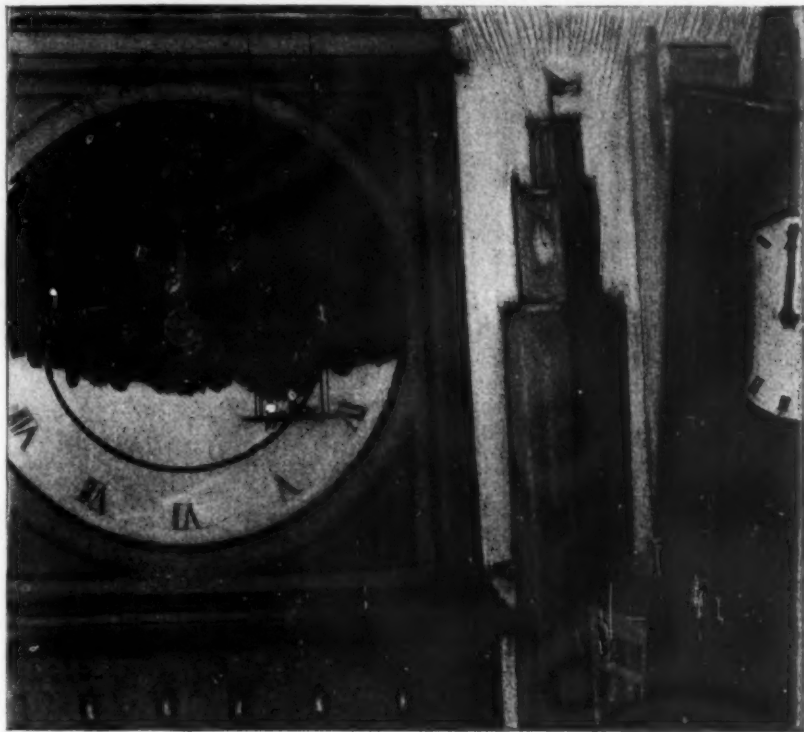


FILLING STATION



"You are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen! I long to hold you in my arms, to caress you, to kiss your eyes, your hair, your lips—to whisper in your ear, 'I love you!'"

"Well, I guess it can be arranged."



"Say, Joe—have you got the time?"



THE STOCK EXCHANGE MEMBER BUYS A LOAF OF BREAD



THE CRAWL OF THE OPEN ROAD



THE EXCELLENT PROVIDER

FATHER: That looks like a valuable string of pearls. Who gave it to you?

DAUGHTER: You did!



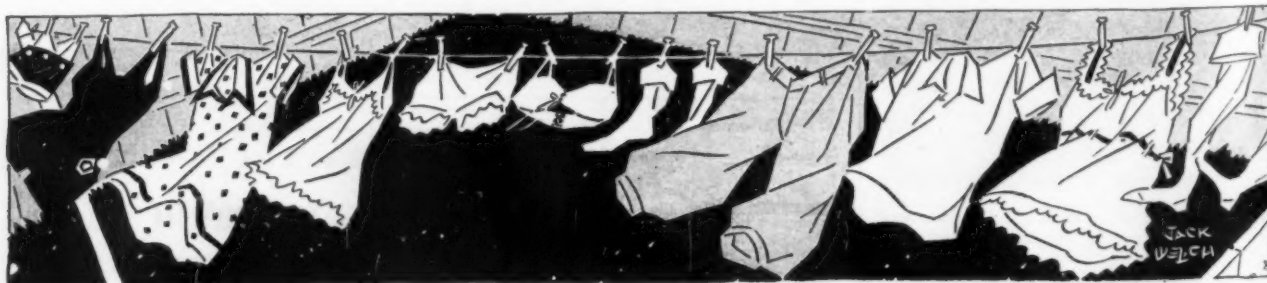
THE WAITER WHO PUT A CHECK ON THE TABLE FACE UP



THE WEEKLY LESSON OF THE LEARN-TO-DANCE-BY-MAIL SCHOOL CONTAINS A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR



MRS. JONES: I wish you wouldn't speak when I'm interrupting.



"JUST A LINE TO SAY THE FAMILY IS BACK HOME AGAIN"



ALONG THE MAIN STEM

by
Walter
Winchell

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

Your letter requesting some of the juiciest of the 1928 quips, similes and gags to hand, so I've been trying to make good on the cruel assignment. I sat with a group of locals who are supposed to be "Broadway's wisest and funniest wits" the other noon, but I came away perspiring and not a little alarmed, for none of them could, I swear, even recall their "favorite" gag. Perhaps these selections, then, will suffice. At least they appeared to amuse most of us when they were first told and many of them will be unfolded as "new" up to the time the season is ding-donged into the past.

There was Dorothy Parker's own story of the time she was hailing taxicabs on a rainy night. When she finally attracted one driver she breathlessly chirped: "Please rush me to the Maternity Hospital at once!"

"Not in this cab, lady!" was the retort as he stepped on the accelerator. To me, it's a wow.

The ace of the similes still is, "As cold as a heated cab," and the funniest Scotch joke, I think, was the one about the Aberdonian who, weary of reading about the glory brought to other countries by transatlantic aviators, decided to fly from New York to Glasgow to bring honor to Scotland.

At the flying field, just as he was about to take off, his wife said: "My dear, how many sandwiches do you want?"

"Make only one," was the reply; "I may never get there!"

Then there's the best of the Conceited Fellow's quips. It really was pulled seriously by Arthur Caesar, now in Hollywood, when he was here last. Someone happened to remark: "Gee, I wish I could get an encyclopedia to check up on something." Turning to Caesar, he said: "Do you happen to have an encyclopedia at home, Arthur?"

"I haven't," was the amazing reply, "but what is it you wish to know?"

And when "Napoleon's Barber," by this same Caesar, was shown locally on the

noisy screen, it was said of the critics that they came not to praise Caesar, but to berry him.

A priceless Newspaperman Gag was a belly-loff around here for a while. It concerned a ship news reporter on the N. Y. Times, who was so affable with the various crews he'd forget himself at the ship's bar and get carried to Yurup every now and then. The editors were accustomed to his frequent absences, but he was so good at the job, they never yipped at him. Well, one day he drank too much before sailing time; the ship departed and when he came to, they told him he was on a two-year cruise around the world. So he laughed it off and was soon resigned to his fate.

Two years later, however, when the ship

Modest Bard Invokes Young

1929

YOUNGSTER on the cosmic stage,
Babe with golden tresses curled,
What, oh, what do you presage
For an anxious waiting world?
So to help you with your task
My request at once I'll make;
This is all I really ask:
Just a break, kid; just a break!

Just a chance to kick a goal,
Just a few bucks in my jeans;
I don't need filet of sole
If I'm sure of ham and beans.
Old Man Gloom may have me treed,
Yet my fist at him I'll shake—
One thing only do I need:
Just a break, kid; just a break.

Sure I'd like a million bucks
Slipped me on a silver plate;
Gladly I'd be Lady Luck's
Loving spouse but, sad to state,
Santa never comes to me,
My good fairy is a fake—
One card, please, and may it be
Just a break, kid; just a break!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

came back, he raced up to the editorial rooms, dashed over to his desk and yelled: "Who the hell moved my typewriter?"

One of the damndest of the "beautiful, but numb" chorus femme quips was sprung by Arthur Kober and still is being told on the Stem. The gel was with Earl Carroll at the time and she took her own holidays now and then. Fearing, perhaps, she had run out of alibis, she tried this one. Her wire read: "Dear Mr. Carroll: I will not be able to make the matinee today as I have been suddenly stricken with typhoid fever, but will positively be around for the evening performance." Is that a honey, Willard, or is that a honey?

I also cared in a big way for Jeff Machamer's gag (I think it was Jeff's), which parodied the oldest conundrum of them all. He revived it when Ruth Elder flew. It went this way: "Why does a chicken cross the ocean?"

The retort being: "To get on the front pages!"

Then there was George Jean Nathan's: "The difference between a small-time actor and a big-time ham is that the former says: 'I seen,' and the other says: 'I have saw.'"

The best of the so-called Heeb gags is the one explaining how the Y. M. H. A. football team was beaten by Notre Dame. It appears that the Jewish lads learned that the Fighting Irish discovered their signals, so it was decided to call out their cues in Yiddish.

On the field the Hebrew captain yelled: "Tzvay, finiff, zex, zibben!" (meaning two, five, six, seven).

But the Notre Dame chief called back: "Tukkk Hainglish, you chomp, you meking me left!"

Incidentally, Irv Hoffman clicked with his flip crack on the moompitcher magnates with this: "What the movie business needs is fewer yes-men and more know-men!" And wasn't it W. W. Scott who chirped: "In Hollywood, the first hundred yeahs are the hardest"? However, if you can think of some better ones, do send them. These are my stories and I'm stuck with 'em.



"Well, it's a democracy once every four years, anyway."



THE RUNAWAYS

"Gee, it's getting dark. Maybe we'd better go back for our tooth-brushes."



THE NEW ANIMAL STARS IN HOLLYWOOD



FIRST RINGSIDER: Not so hot, are they?

SECOND DITTO: No, there's only one John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.



"Do you take any interest in the political campaign?"

"Naw. When it's all over, what have you got? Just another President."



THE COLLAR AD MODEL TAKES HIS WORKOUT



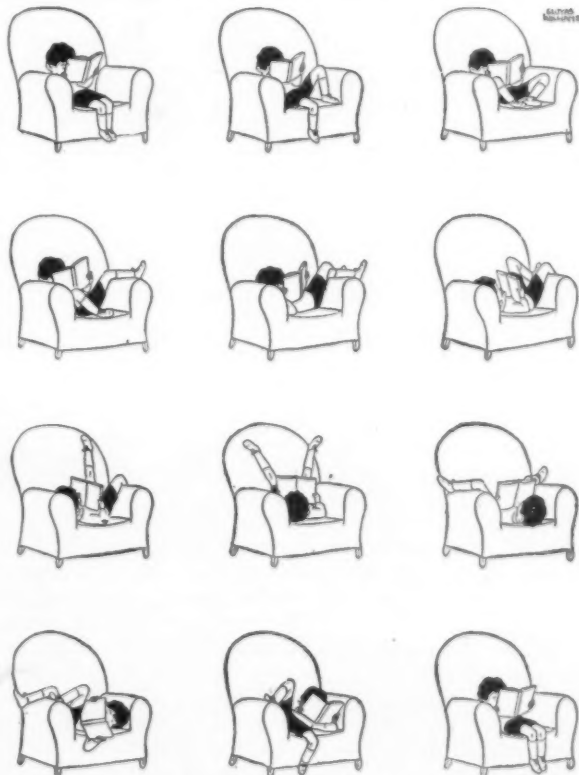
AT THE LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS' BANQUET



"SPEAKEASY"



HAY FEVER



PORTRAIT OF A SMALL BOY READING



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

VOLUME 92

December 28, 1928

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Good Americans ought to look forward to the new year with a thrill of patriotic pride. Not only has the national faith been reaffirmed at home, by an impressive majority of the voters, but the gospel of Americanism is spreading ever more rapidly abroad. So far as one can see now, 1929 will be distinguished chiefly by the continued endeavor of the rest of the world to make itself as much like America as possible.

A few candid European critics have confessed that this Americanization, which conservative Europeans are apt to regard as a virulent disease, is nothing for which America is particularly blameworthy. It is only the natural climax of the tendencies of a capitalistic and mechanical civilization, which happens to have flowered more rapidly in America than anywhere else. What is called the Americanization of Europe—the cult of prosperity at the price of uniformity—is wiping out local peculiarities in Europe that are cherished and often valuable, just as it did in America. But every nation that has been exposed to the disease seems anxious to catch it. Give any people a choice between doing things in its own old way, and doing them in some new way which will enable everybody to have more money, to feel new wants and to be able to satisfy them, and the majority is apt to vote for prosperity at whatever cost.

So we see the manners and customs of this felicitous republic imitated the world over. Chinese girls bob their hair whose mothers used to bind their feet; and their brothers prefer John Dewey to Confucius. The President of the Turkish Republic makes his subjects learn the Latin alpha-

bet (in which they can read, among other things, the works of Bruce Barton); and wear hats instead of the fez which their religious observances used to require. But the most astounding triumph of Americanism, to the generation that was brought up on Kipling, is what has been happening in Afghanistan. Those hairy Pathans whose curved knives and sheepskin caps used to give such pleasurable shivers to the juvenile reader have now been commanded to wear pants, go to the movies, enjoy the blessings of self-government and practice monogamy. Evidently the Ameer who ordained these reforms has been reading Mr. Hoover's speeches, and has decided that Afghanistan, too, must become primarily a nation of homes. It is painful to read that the Afghans are in revolt against this modern and modernizing monarch. If some old conservative in the hills should slice him open with a tulwar, a monument ought to be erected in his honor in front of the Ford plant at Dearborn, Michigan. For Henry Ford is the chief apostle of this new creed, of which the Ameer of Afghanistan is a humble missionary in the regions of the infidels.



PERHAPS quite as surprising are the reports taken home by French newspapermen who came over to watch the election. According to dispatches from Paris to the American press, these observers were pretty thoroughly sold on Americanism. They did not say, "Do we want it?" but only, "How can we get it?" And a good many of them appear to have concluded that optimism is the answer; let Frenchmen believe that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and there will

be no more need to worry about security or the national debt. A few of these students, even, went so far as to wonder if France might not prosper as America has prospered by adopting Prohibition.

Well, France cannot; nobody else can do what we have done if that unofficial spokesman of the American spirit, the Honorable Calvin Coolidge, is to be believed. "The main source of these unexampled blessings," he has told us, "lies in the integrity and character of the American people. They have had great faith which they have supplemented with mighty works. They have been able to put trust in each other and trust in their government." God, who used to be mentioned in this connection, even if secondarily, no longer comes in for any of the credit at all. Yet it would seem that a people which had the felicity to occupy a land of unparalleled natural wealth, with no neighbors of sufficient size to imperil their growth and development, might feel that they owed some little gratitude to God, or if you like to Fortune, for giving them a field in which their integrity and character could so conveniently be displayed. Sour foreigners might even raise some question as to the integrity when they study certain episodes of the Harding administration (to go no farther back); but the patriotic American can dispose of that criticism by pointing to the results. *Exitus acta probat*; if, in a moral universe, prosperity is vouchsafed only to persons of integrity, it follows that integrity may be defined as whatever conduces to prosperity; on which supposition practical men have always acted.



WE are indebted to Mr. Coolidge, too, for the best definition of our national felicity. "The requirements of existence have passed beyond the standard of necessity into the region of luxury." What used to be luxuries, in other words, are necessities now; which is to say that men and women in America today need more things to make them happy than men and women ever needed before—more material possessions, for which we must not only work, but promise to keep on working so as to meet the installments when they fall due. In the multiplication of wants there is happiness, and in the multiplication of debts there is prosperity. Former ages did not so define it, but we have changed all that. This is what is known as progress.

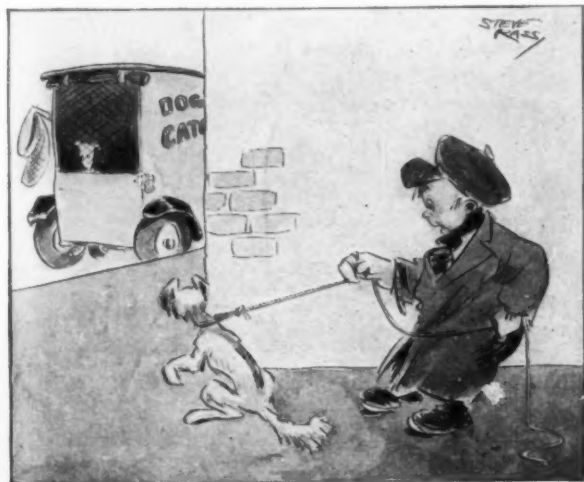
Elmer Davis.



BOOKING AGENT: I'd like to talk over that new contract, Joe; that is, unless you got too much on your mind.



"Why, hello, Sergeant! I just stopped in to see if there's any mail for me."



"Don't be a fool, yuh mutt! They's plenty of other dames."



GLUTTONS FOR PUNISHMENT



THE BOILER MAKER TAKES A LITTLE WORK HOME WITH HIM



"A very wealthy woman writes in for a scullion maid. Do any of you ladies want the job?"



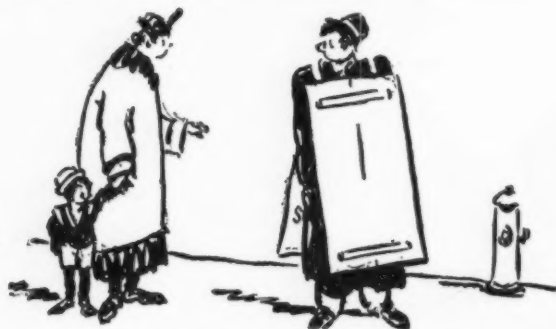




HEAD MOVER: Try to have patience with him, ma'am. He's new at the game—an' we all have to learn, sometime.



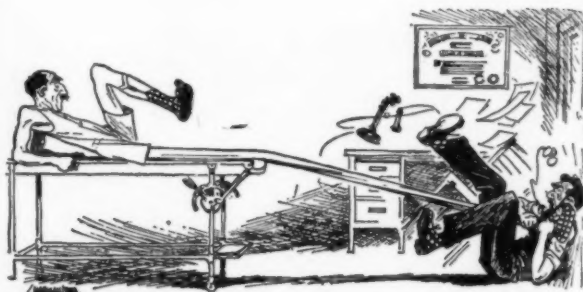
THEATER USHER (*remonstrating with uproarious patron*): You'll have to stop it, sir. You can't use such language in this theater—that is, except from the stage.



SHE: Wot's the idea? Yer sign's on backwards.
HE: To tell the truth, madam, I just took lunch at the café I'm workin' for, and I find that I cannot indorse the sentiments expressed on this sign.



"ONE-EYE" CONNOLLY CRASHES THE KU KLUX MEETING



THE CHIROPRACTOR WORKS ON THE INDIA-RUBBER MAN



THE PHOTOGRAPHER: NOW—SMILE!



"Psst! It's three-two in the sixth—favor tha Yanks!"



HUNTER: I suppose it's pretty lonely out here in the winter.
BACKWOODS FARMER: Yep, I don't know what I'd do if it warn't for my pigs.



FOLLIES GIRL (*over the Long Distance*): Thanks, Mother, dear—if it hadn't been for your card I'd never have known it was Christmas.



PRESS AGENT (*to revue star*): I've a request for your picture from a religious weekly. Have you anything with clothes on?



"...And you really think I'm the Lindbergh type, dear?"



TOURIST: Hmmm! Traffic victim?



SOUTH AMERICAN MOTHER: And this Christmas Santa Claus is coming to you from 'way up in North America, on a battleship.



COACH: Now remember, boys—you're going out to win for the honor of dear old Wotsis and the renewal of my contract.



"The idea! Has that woman no shame?"



THE AGE-OLD STORY

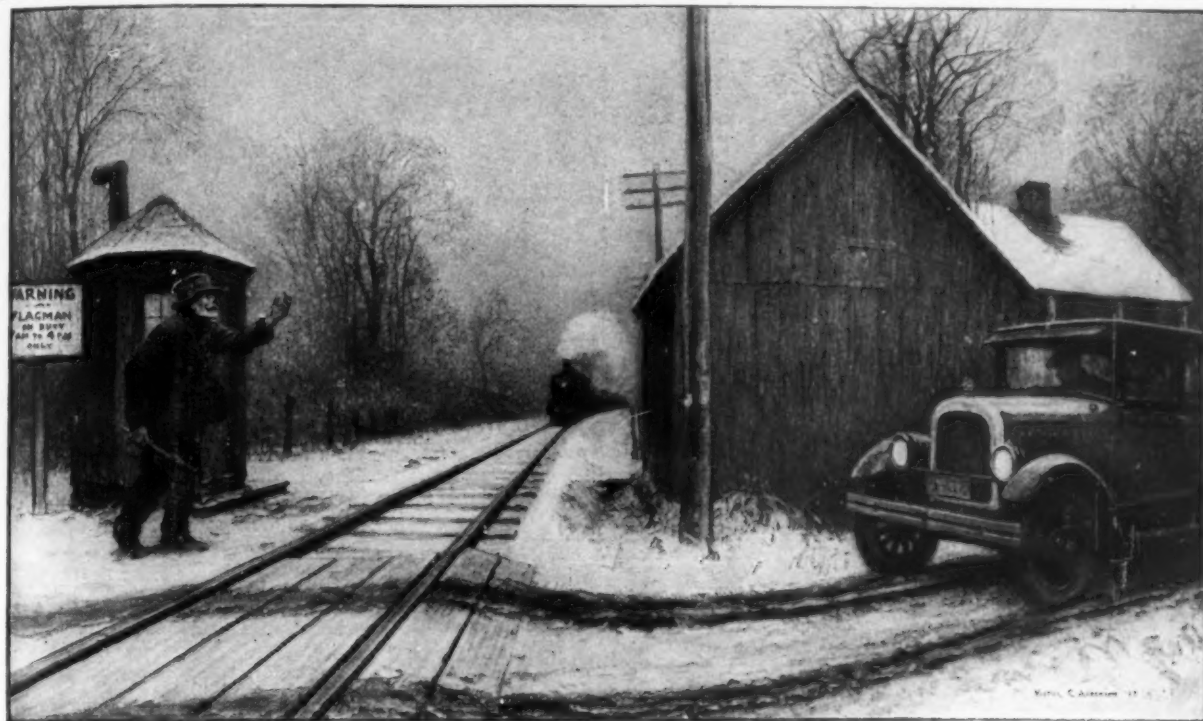
VISITOR: Why are you here, my poor man?
CONVICT: Because she loved nice things.



MOVIE MAGNATE: I want a man who can say NO, when I talk nonsense. Are you that man?

APPLICANT: No!

MOVIE MAGNATE (enthusiastically): You're hired!



THE FLAGMAN: Come on—take a chance—you might make it.

MRS. PEP'S DIARY



by
Baird
Leonard

DECEMBER 5—Lay late, pondering on last night's play, "Holiday," a piece with some highly diverting lines and acted with refreshing amateurish gusto, but methought they did hammer too much at the theme, which is that leisure is more valuable to youth than to age, an idea certainly not new to me, and one of which I have so far taken a shameless advantage. Lord! it does seem I am always reading books or witnessing dramas struggling to put over preachments which I have practiced for years without talking about them. To luncheon with Elisabeth Thomas, through traffic so thick that the chauffeur did address me about it, and glad I was that Sam was not there to hear him for that he does unjustly accuse me of a childish beam which invites the conversation of perfect strangers. This driver did wrathfully hold the motor manufacturers responsible for the congestion of our streets through turning out cars so cheap that anybody with one hundred dollars may own one,

making me very complacent about the prosperity of my appearance, and silent as to the humble make of our own chariot. Found Mistress Nathalie Colby, the novelist, at E.'s, and we did make a fine meal off fruit, chops, peas and my favorite luncheon or supper salad, which is tomato aspic with apples and celery mayonnaise, with properly chilled floating island for a sweet, and the talk was the best and most congenial I have heard in a long time. Reading all the evening in a book called "The Velvet Hand," containing four mystery stories as absorbing and well wrote as ever I read in my life, so that I did long for a few minutes to be a detective like Madame Storey, but Lord! what could not criminals put over on a woman who cannot find even her own notebooks and walking-stick?

DECEMBER 6—Breakfast betimes, reading the publick prints and wondering, when the sum totals of great estates are published, whence come the seventeen or forty-one cents that always end up the millions. A box come from my mother this morning containing my first dress, my grandmother's wedding fan, my great-grandfather's snuff box and many similar relics, including two bibs of my infancy which I should well be wearing now against the huge bills which I do contract with dry cleansers. And as for the baby caps, I daresay that my elders did not

dream, as they tied the ribbons under my chin, that one day I should be such a zany as repeatedly to lay out forty dollars for a piece of millinery which I liked well enough in the shop but hated after wearing it home. To luncheon at France Tyler's, and we had first a hot and well-sauced egg, and then bits of veal cutlet wrapped in bacon with mashed potatoes and string beans, and a fine puff pastry with apricot sauce, and there was much talk of Argentina, the dancer who is having such vogue amongst us at present, but I have no mind to go to see her, since I do never remember the "Maine" so acutely as when Spanish dancing begins. Bill Fanshawe did tell how a presentable college youth of her acquaintance had been delegated by the president of his university to meet at a train the current and distinguished Sir Walter Raleigh, who was coming to lecture to the students on archaeology, and how the boy had approached the traveler who best answered the description he had been given and asked him if he were Sir Walter Raleigh, whereto the stranger, regarding him gravely, replied, "No, I am Addison Sims of Seattle. Sir Walter Raleigh is still in the diner playing tiddle-de-winks with Queen Elizabeth." In the late afternoon to the house of Mr. Nast, the publisher, for the great wedding reception of his son and Miss Brown, and so home, very weary, and to bed before dinner.



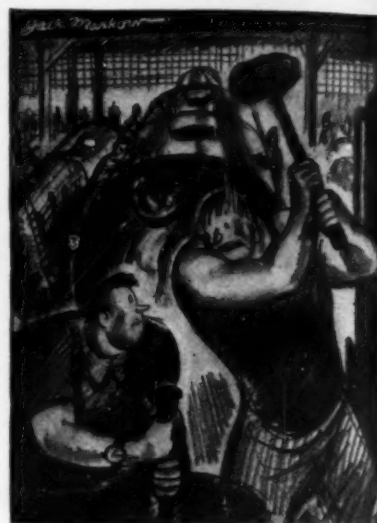
"Gracious! What's all this racket?"
"We're playing Outraged Wife Breaks Up Love Nest."



"Draw up a rock, brother."



CAPTAIN OF SCHOONER: Are you marooned?
SAILORS (after three weeks of hardship): Hell, no—we're just college boys playing hookey from a Floating University!



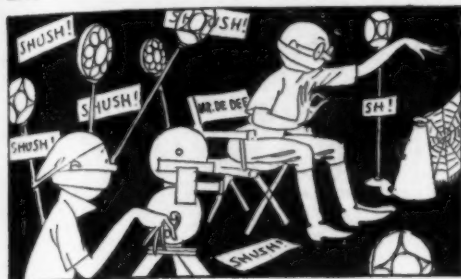
"Dammit, take that wrist watch off, Mike. It ticks so loud it's driving me nuts!"



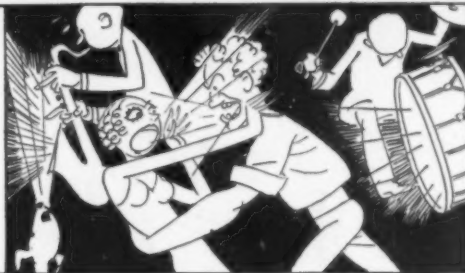
"Hey, Mama, come quick! Willie's lost under the Sunday paper!"



OUR CANDIDATE



THE MOVIES



The Celluloid Crop of 1928

by
R. E.
Sherwood

THE twelvemonth that is now shuffling out will be known in history as the Year of the Big Noise. Before January 1, 1928, there had been one feature picture, "The Jazz Singer," which contained some Vitaphoned songs and one brief snatch of dialogue.

Since then, the entire perforated-celluloid industry has been utterly and completely upset.

Stars who, a few months ago, would have felt insulted by the offer of a paltry \$6,000 a week are now wishing they'd soaked some of it away in Liberty Bonds instead of Isotta-Fraschinis; directors who once gave out the impression that they supervised the preparation of the original Ten Commandments are now talking a great deal about their experience as stage managers of stock companies in North Adams, Mass., and Salt Lake City; the jazz-boys of Tin Pan Alley are sitting up nights writing theme songs, and sidewalk vendors have done a lively trade peddling ear-muffs in front of movie theaters; approximately a hundred thousand musicians are faced with unemployment, and the jobless actors on Broadway are smacking their lips; the biggest word on electric signs all over the country is "SOUND," and the traditional title of this department ("The Silent Drama") has been discarded.

In spite of all these revolutionary changes, no one as yet has arisen to repeal the law compelling movie critics to select the ten best pictures of each year; so my choices for 1928 are as follows:

"The Circus"—Charlie Chaplin's funniest comedy.

"Sadie Thompson"—The faithful adaptation of "Rain," with a genuinely great performance by Gloria Swanson, and some forceful direction by Raoul Walsh.

"The End of St. Petersburg"—A magnificent picture of the events leading up to the Russian revolution, marred at the

finish by the injection of some complicated propaganda.

"Speedy"—Harold Lloyd driving a horse-car through the thick of the New York traffic.

"The Man Who Laughs"—Victor Hugo's macabre story of a clown with a frozen grin, played for all it's worth by Conrad Veidt and directed (for the same amount) by Paul Leni.

"Tempest"—John Barrymore again at his romantic best.

"The Racket"—A shockingly true reflection of crooked politics, superbly acted by Thomas Meighan, Louis Wolheim and Marie Prevost, and directed by Lewis Milestone.

"The Patriot"—Emil Jannings rendering just about the grandest performance of all time, under the sympathetic direction of Ernst Lubitsch.

"The Singing Fool"—An ambitious talkie, based on the laugh-clown-laugh theme, in which Al Jolson tops his triumph in "The Jazz Singer."

In addition to these outstanders (there happen to be only nine of them this year), mention may be made of others which, for one reason or another, are favorably remembered: "Chicago," "The Last Command," "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," "The Drag Net," "The Actress," "The Mysterious Lady," "The Air Circus," "Submarine," "The Camera-Man," "Excess Baggage," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Q Ships," "The Battle of the Sexes," "Lonesome," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "Interference," "On Trial," "Show People," and "The Wind."

The great talkie upheaval of 1928 really started with "Tenderloin" and "The Lion and the Mouse"—two of the most terrible pieces of counterfeit ever minted. The progress that has been made since then has been largely through the medium of short films, notably "Marching On" (with Chic Sale), "Napoleon's Barber" (directed by John Ford), "The Family Picnic" (directed by Harry Delf), and Mr. Bench-

ley's two epics, "The Treasurer's Report" and "The Sex Life of the Polyp."

There was also that memorable film, "Killing the Killer," showing the real Battle of the Century between a cobra and a mongoose.

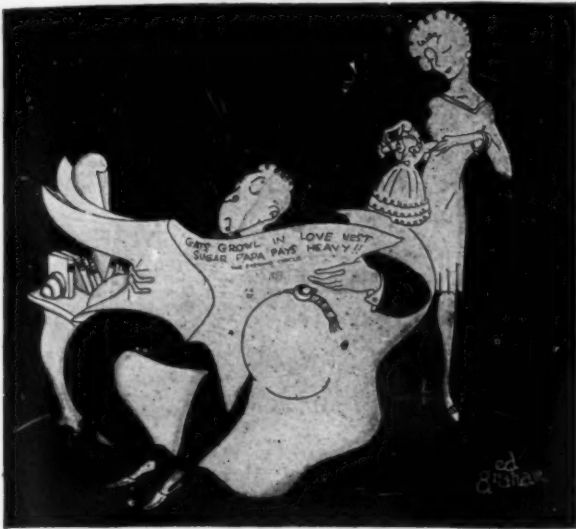
PERHAPS it is not altogether fair to devote all the space in this review to mention of the pictures that I happened to like best. There were others which failed to impress me (possibly through some grievous fault of my own, though I am inclined to doubt that) but which gained the approval of my critical brethren and, what is considerably more important, of the public, or cash customers.

For instance: "Lilac Time," in which Colleen Moore converted the Great War into a great romp; "The Crowd," King Vidor's sincere but inconclusive attempt to demonstrate the futility of something or other; "The Trail of '98," which started on a grand scale and then turned out to be just another bum Alaskan melodrama; "Street Angel," very sweet and, in my estimation, very dull; "Ramona," responsible for the "theme song" pestilence; "Four Devils," a shameful waste of F. W. Murnau's valuable time.

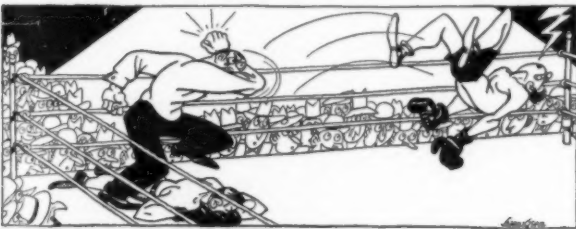
FOR the benefit of those who have followed the progress of the Great American Movie in this department, I beg to issue one final bulletin: this colossal picture is never to be released. Just as I had completed the two-thousandth reel, the talkies came in, and I have obstinately refused to equip my masterpiece with a sound accompaniment.

So—with a sigh for the vanished youth of Jackie Coogan; a last, wistful wave to Greta Garbo, and a prayer that Cecil B. De Mille, Rupert Hughes and Will H. Hays will forgive and forget—I depart from this department for good, and all.

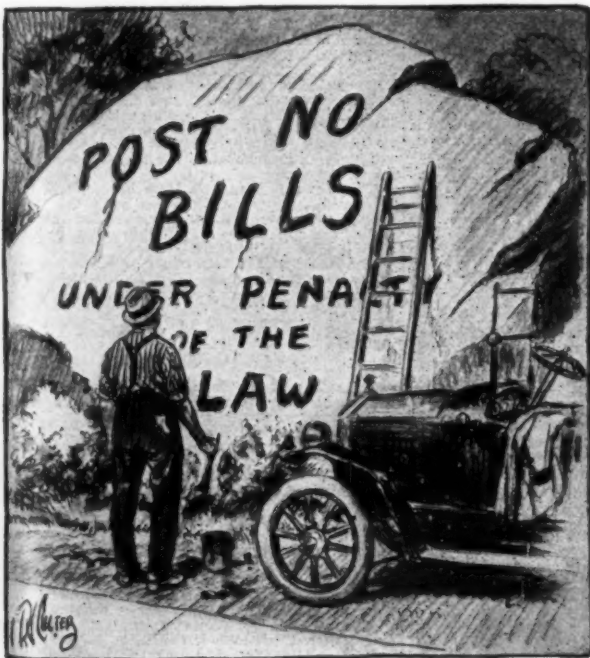
In case any of my loyal readers (by the way, what ever became of that fellow?) should care to send floral tributes, I beg to state that my favorite flower is still the raspberry.



"John, dear, I've a surprise for you!"
"Don't tell me that the new Ford has come!"



TOUGH REFEREE: When I say go to your corner I mean it!



OWNER (with satisfaction): There, that'll stop 'em. Them advertising vandals ain't going to disfigure *this* landscape.



COMMANDER: Remember, boys, this is a foreign country and I want you all to consider yourselves "Good-will Ambassadors."



CHIROPRACTOR: Well, I'm afraid it's going to rain again today.
PATIENT: How do you figure that out?
CHIROPRACTOR: I can feel it in your bones.



"And so on, far into the knight."



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

The Theatre

More or Less Serious

The Age of Innocence, Empire—Katharine Cornell in a fairly dull dramatization of the Edith Wharton novel.

Congai, Sam H. Harris—An elaborate presentation of concubine life in Indo-China, with Helen Menken badly treated again.

Diamond Lil, Royale—The one work of Mac West's which the police haven't stopped. The Drama would have suffered no great loss if they had.

Exceeding Small, Comedy—Two young people fighting a losing fight against poverty. Well done and therefore depressing.

The Grey Fox, Playhouse—Chrystal Herne as the lady who pestered Machiavelli (Henry Hull). Expensive costumes and scenery.

Jarnegan, Longacre—One or two good scenes in the role of Richard Bennett's tirade against Hollywood.

Jealousy, Maxine Elliott—The green-eyed monster at work in a cast of two people, Fay Bainter and John Halliday, both good.

The Kingdom of God, Ethel Barrymore—Miss Barrymore's initial offering in her new theatre. To be reviewed later.

The Lady Lies, Little—William Boyd as the gentleman whose children find out about his private life.

Mr. Moneybags, Cosmopolitan—Modern scenic effects and writing applied, at considerable expense, to the fairly well-established theory that money isn't everything.

Night Hostess, Vanderbilt—More trouble among New York's gamblers. Better than the average drama of this sort, but pretty much the same.

The Sign of the Leopard, National—A melodrama successful in London as "The Squeaker." To be reviewed later.

The Squealer, Forrest—Old-time opey-house melodrama of dope traffic on the Barbary Coast.

Strange Interlude, John Golden—The introspective way of a woman with three men, done in Eugene O'Neill's most ambitious manner.

Sun Up, Lucille La Verne—Miss La Verne in her successful rôle of several seasons ago, still a mountain white.

The Wild Duck, Forty-Ninth St.—An Ibsen revival which should be endowed to run continuously for the good of the drama.

Wings Over Europe, Martin Beck—The Theatre Guild branching out again. To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

Courage, Ritz—Janet Beecher as a mother with children trouble.

Falstaff, Coburn—Mr. and Mrs. Coburn in a comedy based on Shakespeare's character. To be reviewed later.

The Front Page, Times Square—An evening full of mad comedy-melodrama, participated in by Chicago reporters, crooks and other indigenous citizens.

Gentlemen of the Press, Forty-Eighth St.—Newspaper life as New York reporters know it, with a few more laughs.

The High Road, Fulton—One of Lonsdale's British comedies, turning into something a little more serious in the end. Made excellent by Edna Best, Herbert Marshall, Frederick Kerr and others.

Holiday, Plymouth—Some of Philip Barry's best dialogue. We are still thinking up a complete review which will analyze the work of Donald Ogden Stewart as an actor. Next week perhaps.

The Jealous Moon, Majestic—Jane Cowl, with Philip Merivale and Sir Guy Standing, doing their best to make the *Pierrot-Columbine* affair exciting.

Little Accident, Morosco—The subject of the unmarried father's responsibility toward his offspring made into a comedy with at least one highly amusing act. Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander head the cast.

Major Barbara, Guild—Shaw's economic theories revived in good form, with Winifred Lenihan as the Major.

Mima, Belasco—Elaborately staged version of Molnár's "The Red Mill," with Lenore Ulric, Sidney Blackmer, A. E. Anson and others. To be reviewed later.

A Most Immoral Lady, Cort—Alice Brady making a remarkable character of a lady crook with a heart of gold.

On Call Girl, Waldorf—Hardly worth your while.

Paris, Music Box—The sign in front of this theatre says simply, "Bordoni," which sums it up. Other valuable features are the "Commanders" and some good incidental tunes by Cole Porter.

The Perfect Alibi, Charles Hopkins—Reviewed in this issue.

A Play Without a Name, Booth—Reviewed in this issue.

Poppa, Biltmore—To be reviewed later.

The Royal Box, Belmont—Walker Whiteside as the perfect ham in a revival of Charles Coghlan's old comedy of Georgian stage-life.

Skidding, Bayes—Thin home-comedy.

This Thing Called Love, Bijou—Several good ideas on marriage in a comedy which has the advantage of Violet Heming's presence.

Tin Pan Alley, Republic—Routine comedy-drama of New York night-life, with Claudette Colbert.

Tomorrow, Lyceum—To be reviewed later.

Tonight at 12, Hudson—An entertainingly ingenious mystery play, dealing with something short of murder and knavery.

Young Love, Masque—Sex treated lightly by a pleasant cast of four: Dorothy Gish, James Rennie, Catherine Willard and Tom Douglas.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Americana, Liberty—Julius Tannen adding his talents to a refurbished version of a revue which failed earlier in the season. Carl Randall and Ula Sharon are also in it.

Angels, Ambassador—To be reviewed later.

Animal Crackers, Forty-Fourth St.—Every once in a while (every thirty seconds perhaps) these Marx boys do something very comical.

Billie, Erlanger's—Polly Walker in George M. Cohan's current success.

Black Birds of 1938, Eltinge—We can't speak for the road company of this, but the New York show is the best Negro revue we have ever seen.

Good Boy, Hammerstein's—You could do lots worse than try this, what with its tunes, scenery, Elliott Nugent, Charles Rutherford, Helen Kane and the rest.

Good News, Forty-Sixth St.—In a few weeks this will be gone and it won't seem like the same town even with its imitators.

Hello Yourself! Casino—Collegiate musical comedy, immeasurably helped out by Waring's "Pennsylvanians."

Hold Everything! Broadhurst—Very satisfactory evening's entertainment, with Ona Munson, Victor Moore, Bert Lahr and Jack Whiting.

Midnight Frolic, New Amsterdam Roof—On view after "Whoopee," with Eddie Cantor again and George Olsen's band. To be reviewed later.

The New Moon, Imperial—Recalling the better days of musical comedy before the jazz era. Evelyn Herbert, Gus Shy and Robert Halliday. Excellent chorus work.

Rainbow, Gallo—Something out of the ordinary in musical shows; a good plot, Vincent Youmans' music, Louise Brown, Charles Ruggles, Allan Prior and Libby Holman.

Rain or Shine, Cohan—If you haven't laughed at Joe Cook in this, hurry up.

The Red Robe, Shubert—A musical version of "Under the Red Robe," with Walter Woolf, Helen Gilliland and others. To be reviewed later.

Scandals of 1938, Apollo—A good evening of Harry Richman, Frances Williams, Willie Howard, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

Show Boat, Ziegfeld—This one will probably never stop. Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White, Edna May Oliver and Norma Terris.

This Year of Grace, Selwyn—Beatrice Lillie in Noel Coward's revue. Something to be seen without fail.

Three Cheers, Globe—Will Rogers showing that one man can carry a show.

Treasure Girl, Alvin—Even Gertrude Lawrence, Walter Catlett, Mary Hay, Clifton Webb and George Gershwin's music can't quite carry this.

Vanities of 1938, Earl Carroll—W. C. Fields, Joe Frisco and Ray Dooley furnish a lot of laughs, some of them slightly soiled.

White Lilacs, Jolson—More of an operetta. Guy Robertson, Odette Myrtil and DeWolf Hopper.

Whoopee, New Amsterdam—Eddie Cantor in a new show. To be reviewed later.

Repertory and Laboratory

Civic Repertory, Fourteenth St.—Eva Le Gallienne turning them away for the second season. Repertory includes: "Peter Pan," "The Cherry Orchard," "L'Invitation au Voyage," "The Would-be Gentleman."

The Dark Mirror, Cherry Lane—Drab without any particular justification.

Singing Jailbirds, Provincetown—By Upton Sinclair. To be reviewed later.

Robert Benchley.

Reading Matters

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig. *Viking*—A war novel not limited to war; a magnificent, moving story of a Russian soldier.

The Ballad of Yukon Jake, by Edward E. Paramore, Jr. *Coward-McCann*—Here is what is probably the greatest parody of the century, reprinted, at last, in permanent form, as it appeared in *Vanity Fair* seven years ago. A wonderful recitation. Should be in every Parish House.

Mr. Bletsworthy on Rampole Island, by H. G. Wells. *Doubleday, Doran*—A scientific fantasy by the great Educator, designed to show that we are but savages under the radio.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, or *David Copperfield*, by Robert Benchley. *Holt*—Well, you know Mr. Benchley.

Way for a Sailor! by Albert Richard Wetjen.

Century—A rough but honest novel of sea life today. **Orlando**, by Virginia Woolf. *Harcourt, Brace*—Brilliant boloney—but no matter how brilliant it's still boloney. Made especially for the London literary trade. Not for us.

Giant Killer, by Elmer Davis. *John Day*—One of the best books of the year. About David, King of Israel, who got the headlines, and Joab, who did the work.

The Art of Thinking, by Ernest Dimmet. *Simon & Schuster*—A pleasant discourse on what the author wittily insists is a pleasant subject. Recommended.

Perry Githens.

Song and Dance

Sheet Music

My Mother's Eyes, Feist—Better than average mother ballad, possessing the further distinction of being a double-theme song, that of George Jessel's play, "The War Song," which will also be the song feature in his movie talker, "Lucky Boy."

Spring Will Come, Harms—John Openshaw, famed for his "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses" and "June Brought the Roses," both still standard on the music counters, composed this charming ballad, for which Alfred Bryan mated a beautiful lyric poem.

Bon Soir, Chérie, Mills—Sprightly French waltz by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh, who prove their talents in channels other than those of colored revue songwriters.

The Song I Love, DeSylva-Brown-Henderson—A powerful fox-trot song based on a Con Conrad theme, with DeSylva, Brown and Henderson collaborating and disproving the bromide about too many cooks. A potential hit song.

The Bee Song, Donaldson-Douglas-Gumble—Rolling novelty ditty, the full title of which is, "You Never Saw a Bee Being Alone Without Another Bee Being Around."

Records

Since You Came Into My Life and Tho' You Threw Me Down, Columbia 1608—Oscar Grogan tenors these sob ballads with conviction.

Another Kiss and Gotta Be Good, Victor 21772—Waltz and fox-trot theme songs that are of better quality than the flicker they're tied up with, Paramount's "Manhattan Cocktail." The Troubadours and Nat Shilkret's Victor Orchestra skillfully handle their assignments.

Billie and Where Were You? Where Was I? Brunswick 4101—Another waltz and fox-trot combination of George M. Cohan's hits from "Billie," which William F. Wrigles' dansapators handle brilliantly.

Hot and Bothered and The Mooche, Okeh 8623—Negroid jazzapation by Duke Ellington's band wherein the darky Whitemanites get plenty "hot and bothered" with their rhythmic burthens.

I Can't Give You Anything but Love and Sweet Sue, Columbia 50103—Paul Whiteman has made a colorful 12-inch concert recording of these familiar numbers. The first is the "Black Birds" song sensation, backed up by a popular dance number. The usual distinguished Whiteman orchestral technique again is manifest throughout.

That's How I Feel About You and My Man, Brunswick 4086—Belle Baker couples the now classic "Mon Homme" of Maurice Yvain with a sprightly fox-trot song. The comedienne has made a good job of the recordings.

Abel Green.

\$574,000 NEEDED

WILL you not help to erect the Symbol of Our Saviour's Love High and Bright above Manhattan?

Will you not aid and assist in raising the sum needed to complete this House of God and this great Community Centre?

Over \$4,000,000 have already been invested in land, foundations, buildings and equipment.

Eight hundred thousand dollars have been pledged conditionally upon the raising of \$700,000 more. \$126,000 of this needed \$700,000 have been pledged during the past two weeks, leaving a balance still to be raised before January first of \$574,000.

One hundred and fifty thousand dollars are available for the furniture and fixtures for the church auditorium, social hall, swimming pool, day nursery, gymnasium and other social features.

\$100,000 have been pledged and are now available for the Byrd Aviation Beacon to surmount the Broadway Temple Cathedral spire lifting its Cross 36 stories above Broadway at the highest point on Manhattan Island.

Just as there are sermons in stones, there are sermons in bricks and steel. Temples and cathedrals of this type are not innovations. The erection of a combination church, office building, apartment house, hotel and community center is nothing new. Boston, Chicago, Rochester and many large cities possess these modern power houses—no one seems to know "the why of it"—but once a skyscraper of a church is erected, enormous crowds are drawn into it, and to a large extent, the audiences are composed of people who seem immune to the influences of the average church. In Rochester, the auditorium seats 1,500. Every Sunday morning it is packed. For the evening services people are turned away. The same is true of Boston, Chicago and wherever these modern Temples serve both God and man.

Already more than 4,000 people have purchased bonds and made contributions of their means to this most worthy cause.

The spirit of Christmas will soon be upon us. Will you not plan to help the Almighty and this little company to complete this great work? Will you not aid and assist Dr. Reiser and his valiant band of the faithful to complete this task, thereby giving to them a real Christmas and also securing for yourself a portion of that feeling of exaltation that comes to those who aid in the plans and purposes of the Almighty, and at the same time help their brothers and sisters?

Act on that impulse! Send your gifts today! \$5.00 will buy 50 bricks—\$1,000 will build 100 square feet of the great tower. Heed the call to public service! Please do it now! Send checks to General Samuel McRoberts, Treasurer, Broadway Temple, care Chatham & Phenix National Bank, 149 Broadway, New York City.

If you prefer to make a pledge payable January 1, April 1, July 1 and October 1 in the years 1929 and 1930 you may do so, but please write at once to General Samuel McRoberts and advise your pleasure in the matter.

On the Job

He scans some reports
That an underling reckoned,
His papers he sorts
For a part of a second;
He looks in the glass
And displays approbation,
Then summons a lass
For a bit of dictation.
He straightens his pad
And his writing utensils,
Then sends for a lad
To put points on his pencils.
He talks with a man
Re: a shipment of liquor,
Then pauses to scan
What appears on the ticker.
Oh, who is this gent
Who is acting so dizzy?
The vice-pres-i-dent
Of a bank, keeping busy!

Arthur L. Lippmann.

The Modern Arabian Nights

ONCE upon a time there was a man named Henderson and he walked down the street on a bright and sparkling New Year's morning and met his most deadly enemy face to face.

"Good morning," said Mr. Henderson's deadly and hypocritical enemy; "I wish you a Happy New Year."

"Good morning yourself," said Mr. Henderson, "and I wish you the worst New Year a man could have. I hope your business fails, your wife elopes with a radio announcer and your son becomes a Pullman conductor."

After his townspeople had presented Mr. Henderson with a leather traveling set, the President of the United States received him and his name went down to posterity as that of one of the bravest men of all times.

* * *

That'll be all for tonight, Sultan, and if I can go down to the bazaar now for a snack of Turkish Paste, tomorrow night I'll tell you the one about the man who dried his face with a paper towel.

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

LIFE's FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-two years. In that time it has expended \$419,278.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 51,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded city streets. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE's FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$39,812.76
T. Frank Proca, Elizabeth, N. J.....	2.00
Harold Siegel, Brooklyn.....	5.00
Ellen B. Steel, Philadelphia.....	5.00
Great East Lodge, Sanbornville, N. H.....	17.63
Miss Esther V. Kahn, Honolulu.....	5.00
W. A. S., Venice, Cal.....	2.00

\$39,849.39

A dog's life —until his master tried Sir Walter



NOT so dumb, Fido. You know the difference between a strong pipe and a mild one, don't you? So do the thousands of pipe lovers who have discovered Sir Walter's favorite pipe tobacco. It's mild. It's mellow. It's satisfying. And it's fresh to the last pipeful in the tin. An inner wrapping of heavy gold foil protects its fragrance and flavor.

LIMITED OFFER (for the United States only)

If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send you without charge a full-size tin of this milder pipe mixture.

Dept. X, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



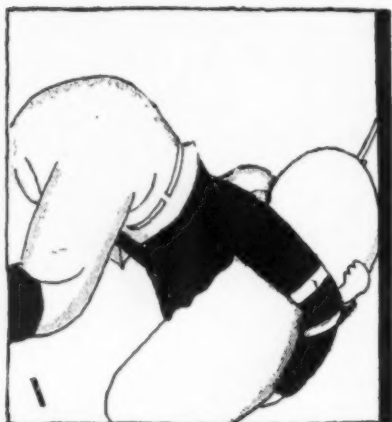
SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

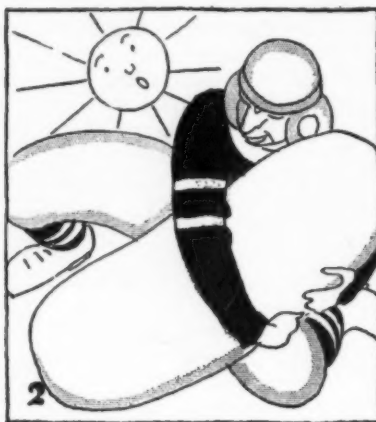
It's  milder

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



August 15th



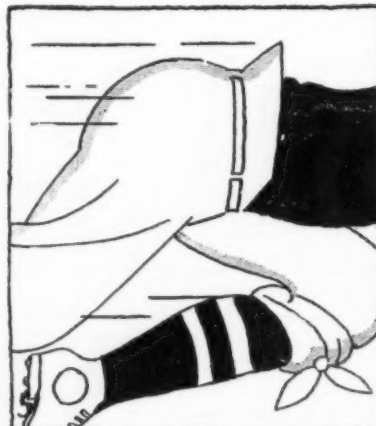
September 1st



September 15th



October 1st



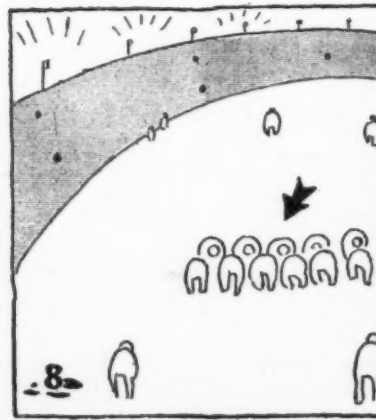
October 15th



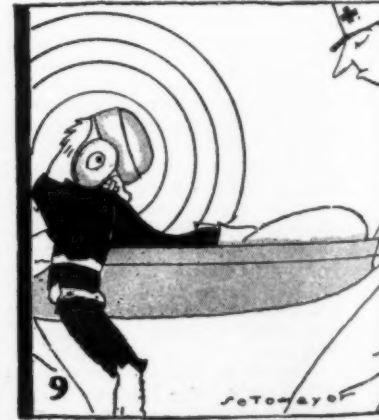
November 1st



Eve of Big Game



Big Game, 3:00 P. M.



3:05 P. M.

THE LIFE OF A FOOTBALL PLAYER

—THE SAN FRANCISCAN.

SUPER-TELESCOPES

When the giant telescope
Turns its eye upon the sky,
Striving through the dark to grope
South of Huckelbari Pi,
When the Prof. is clear away
In a nebula unknown,
Then a tender voice will say,
"Dear, you're wanted on the phone."

When he wanders two or three
Billion light-years from his home,
Roving like a spirit free
Round the wide celestial dome,
When he leaves dull Earth behind
For the flashy Pleiad bunch,
Still that gentle voice and kind:
"Huxley, here's your midnight lunch."

Build a lens however great,
Cast a glass however true,
Send the mind of man elate
All the universes through,
Pressing on the outbound track
Time's vast mystery to spell,
Still a voice will call him back—
And it may be just as well.
—L. H. Robbins, in *New York Times*.

Proverb, revised by Wall Street: What
goes up must go up.—*New York Evening Post*.



NEIGHBOR: What I says is there are ladies and
ladies—an' you ain't neither!
—TATLER (LONDON).

It hasn't come yet: "Ye Departmentte
Storre."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

REVIVED

A CHICAGO man took an extra drink of corn
whiskey, and shortly began to see reptiles and
animals in assorted colors. He rented a room
and opened a museum. People paid thirty-five
cents admission and when they saw only an
empty room they called a policeman. The police-
man was going to arrest him.

The man got him off in a corner and gave
him a drink. The policeman gave the man
three hundred dollars for a half interest in the
show.—*Altoona (Kan.) Tribune*.

Wine jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made
more delightful and healthful. Sample Bitters by mail,
25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

EROSION

A CONCORDIA young woman finds nothing more
obnoxious than people who accost her affection-
ately with a pat on the cheek. "They must
think," she declared angrily, "that I have
nothing to do all day but resurface my face."

—*Concordia (Kan.) Blade*.

Two little girls were "dressed up" and
making visits after the fashion of grown-ups.
After a brief visit they left, saying: "Now you
must talk about us after we're gone—that's the
way Mother does."—*Indianapolis News*.

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But no occult power is needed to tell *that . . .*
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